

Mr. Dooley on Our Representatives Abroad. By F. P. Dunne.



THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

Modern Fables. What Befel the Designing Chauncey Who Walked Right By George Ade







assadure anny more thin we need a assadure anny more thin we need a tage coach to go down to Mitchigan ity. Th' requiremints has changed with th' time. If me frind, Prisidint iddy, wants to know what's goin' on mnywhere all he has to do is to sub-cribe to th' pa-apers. If he wants to a amything about it he can dhrop to a filligraft office an' sind a cable Office of the same what getter control in pre-specific presents. It he wints to see that getter control in pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents. It he wints to see the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific presents of the pre-specific pre-specific presents of the pre-specific pre-specific

the Roosyan gineral that was to no shoot him, bit holes in his sers an' muttered: 'Curse that ican dogsky. He's folled me bene ar-rmy!' An' if th' American was pinched. I'd dhrive up to lace in a furyous rage, push th' aside an' march into th' chamerer th' czar sat on his through the state of the state there th' czar sat on his throne y: 'Sign an order to release this in the minyets or I'll blow up th' 'Ar-re ye aware,' says th' czar, blanched face, 'that ye're adsin' a king?' 'I am,' says I, with und on th' brist iv th' uniform iv ibernian Rifles, iv which I was (in me mind) th' colonel befured. 'I am, dishpot,' says I. 'An,' s, 'ar-re ye aware,' I says, 'Martin' re addhressin'. I says, 'Martin' the mind is the same and the same and the same are addressin'. I says, 'Martin' this was the same and the same and the same are addressin'. I says, 'Martin' the same and the same and the same are addressin'. I says, 'Martin' the same and the same are same and the same are sam says, 'ar-re ye aware,' I says, 'that ar-re addhressin',' I says, 'Martin oley, ministher plenipootootchinary ambassadure exthrordin'rt iv th' lited States iv America, county iv ok. s. s., hurroo!' says I, pullin' a die American flag fr'm me vest pockan' wavin' it over me head. 'Great din,' says th' czar, signin' th' ordher th thremblin' hands an' I hurry off thremblin' hands, an' I hurry off an' he gives me a goold watch his good-lookin' wife throws her

his wife has been appinted ambassa-dhress. His wife wants him to lave th' counthry an' th' counthry is resigned an' th' place he's goin' to don't raise no objections. Whin he reads in th' pa-apers all th' things he's called he begins to think th' toh is almost as high to think th' job is almost as high Din' together, an' maybe she won't the cold eye to th' wife iv th' rich hertaker up th' sthreet whin she les to Boodypest an' sees her an' lile fam'ly rowlin' by in th' rile th dhrawn be camels. Th' ambas-"No, mamma," was the reply.

"No, mamma," was the reply.

"Why you didn't say your prayers,"
explained the parent,

"Oh, I know I didn't," said Eveline, indifferently. "Walt until next week. I
suppose it's just as hot in heaven as it
is here, and I'm sure the angels are all
down at the seashore." avinge th' insults to his native meets him at th' deepo an' hurries him into a closed hack. 'What's this fr?' says th' ambassadure, who's had th' coat iv arms iv Noo Jarsey painted on th' soles iv his boots an' would like to put thim out th' window. 'Why am I

ing the glow of healthful exercise Knew His Letters.

(Lewiston Evening Journal.) George Stickney, who lives in Lan-caster, N. H., is well known in Lewiston.

He has a boy who is coming along like

a 3-year-old trotter under training. Mr.

On Their Vacation.

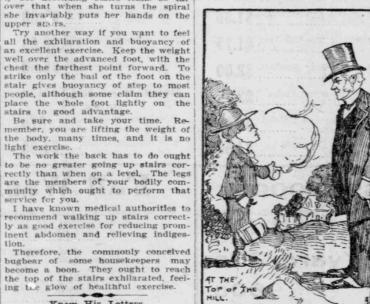
Reaching the Top.

From No. 10 Source.

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maple down there, near the horse block?"
The Man pointed to a big tree a short distance down the hill.
"Uh huh. Say, once"—

blacked my eye." Jec. "Say, I hit that tree last winter, too. I busted my sled, too, and teared my britches. Gosh, but Ma whaled me. They was my Sunday britches. D'jou ever get licked for wearin' your Sunday britches, a-shidin' down hill?"

a 3-year-old trotter under training. Mr. Stickney asked the superintendent of schools when it would be advisable to send the boy to school. The superintendent said that the full term would be a good time, but advised Mr. Stickney to teach the lad that two and two make four and how the letters of the alphabet run before he let him out.

A short time afterward the superintendent met the boy and asked him if he knew his letters.

"Sure, said the boy."

"Well, sir, what is the first letter?"

"A," was the answer.

"Correct," said the superintendent.

"Now, what comes after A?"

"All the rest of the push," said the boy. ill?"
The Man smiled reminiscently.
"Indeed, I have," he said to the Boy,
The Boy grinned.
"Slipper?" he asked.
"No, strap. My father did it."

The Boy grinned.
"Slipper?" he asked.
"No, strap. My father did it."
"Gosh. Say, once my Pa licked me then I didn't need it. He used a lath. It will o' slivers, too. Pa licks awful hard. It is kids has a tough time of it sometimes, doesn't we?" and the Boy looked olemnly at the Man and rubbed.
"Yes; full of tribulations."
"Huh? Oh. yes; the minister says that then he prays a long time. Say, d'jever ave. bobs?"
"Yes."

(Philadelphia Times.)

A little up-town girl had always been particular to say her prayers before retiring, until one night in the week preceding the family's visit to Atlantic City. When she tumbled prayerless into bed, her surprised mother exclaimed:

"Eveline, dear!—haven't you forgotten somethine?"

"No: I starfed.
"Huh. I steer. 'N' belly flop, too, Me
'Manny Cox has the dandiest bobs on
he hill. We can beat the rest of the
lids near a block." bragged the Boy.
My. I wisht it was winter now." The
oy looked gloomily at his shoes and his schoolbooks.

Thorah's Saturday, though. Say, djou eyer go a-fishin'? They's dandy kiver an' sunfishin' out by the old mill. I'll let you have my spot if you wantah

"Why can't we?" queried the Man.
"Cos I haftah pile some wood t'morah

Over the hills in the east was a glory of red as they reached the shadow of the Point and prepared their hooks.

"They ain't very good minnies," criticised the Boy, as he pecred into the minnow pail. "Nearly all perch. Chubs 'n' shiners is the best for bass. Here's a chub." The Boy's hand dove into the pail and came out with a wriggling, silvery minnow, which he deftly placed on his hook. He explored the pail again and brought out a "shiner" three Inches long. "Pickerel ought to take that," he asserted. "Got a snoon?"

The Man produced a shining silver trelling snoon.

ng spoon, "Gosh, that's a dandy spoon," said the loy, looking enviously at the lure, "Say, ou throw in there toward that slip, It's eedy there. Lots o' pickerel sometimes

-wow."

The Boy's pole bent suddenly; then again. Then a rip through the water as the bass dove. A taut line as the bass came up and tried to shake the maddening hook free. Then a rapid reeling, a careful grasp over the side, and a bass,





did not speak with full force other-wise. Choate wasted no time over trifles, but emphasized vital points by the hammering process. He believed in constant but varied repeating, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

In 1895, Mark Twain, having failed up and paid his creditors 50 cents on the dollar, issued the following state-ment to his creditors: "I ask that you trust to my honor to pay the other 50 per cent as fast as I can earn it." Then

short notes. Gladstone refreshed his memory from memoranda of leading figures and facts he wished to recite. Mr. Chamberlain has four or five pages of heads. Lord Rosebery followed the same method. Lord Derby wrote down every word and committed his speech to memory. Disraeli wrote after an important speech: "I feel how much more I might have done had I had time, but the opportune is sometimes preferable to the excellent. A majority is always better Burke, even in the heyday of his Burke, even in the heyday of his career, spent a great deal of his time in polishing up and elaborating his speeches before delivering them. He wrote every sentence with the most studious care. Burke once rushed out of the house of commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, holding a bundle of papers, a member jumped up saying: "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to bore us with a speech in the bargain."

Justin Huntly McCarthy went to Nashville by invitation to deliver a lecture. The subject of his lecture was "The Victorian Epoch" and it was doubtless a very interesting and scholarly production. But the people of tune is sometimes preferable to the excellent. A majority is always better than the best repartee."

Thiers made the most careful and elaborate preparation. O'Connell and Gambetta spoke always on the inspiration of the moment. Webster spoke as a debater, Beecher as a preacher and Forrest as a tragedian. And they did not speak with full force otherwise. Cheate wasted no time over

arly production. But the people of Nashville did not find it out, They



rupted by bursts of ironical laughter almost from the beginning of his speech, and, at length, utterly unable to catch the ear of the house, he ended by shouting at the utmost pitch of his voice the famous phrase: "Though I sit down now, the time will come when But the whole episode, what led up to

it and what followed, is most interest-ing. There had been an absurd, though very bitter, quarrel between O'Connell and Disraeli. O'Connell was one of Disraeli's sponsors when he carried the Disraell's sponsors when he carried the radical flag on the hustings at High Wycombe in 1832. Three years later Disraell, having turned tory, attacked the Melbourne administration, which was retained in power by the Irish party, for having clasped, as he put it, "the bloody hand of O'Connell."

O'Connell retorted in a speech of sav-age vituperation, in which he declared that Disraell's life was a "living lie,"